## ERALD STANLEY'S INVENTION.

### A Love Affair on an Ocean Steamer and a Triumph of American Ingenuity.

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It was concert night on the steamship St. John, homeward bound from South ampton, and the grand saloon was filled with passengers listening to the struggles of an impromptu quartet. In the shadow of the after cabin, whence the music came faintly to their ears, mingled with the splashing of waves, Mr. Gerald Stanley sat talking with a girl.

She was a pretty girl, as the faint starshine showed; and what was more, she was the girl as far as Stanley was concerned He had been conscious of that fact from the moment he saw her come aboard four days before.

As for her, she had just heard him tell her so, and as she remained in her place it is to be presumed she took it not unkindly Now they were discussing the great wonder of it all and diving darkly into the future.

"Ah, but mamma will never consent never," Miss Ethel Higgins was saying, "at least not until the Count is out of the

"Count! I don't believe he is any Count. He's probably bogus."

"Oh, he's a Count all right. Mamma looked him up in the 'Almanach de Gotha.' De Brissac is one of the oldest names in

"Any one can take a name. Names are cheap enough. I know the fellow's a mere

fortune-hunter. "But how can you prove it? Mamma won't hear a word against him, even from me-and you know she wouldn't believe you. I'm afraid mamma doesn't like you very well. She doesn't know you as I

"No; she doesn't show any extreme pleasure in my presence; and she'd like me less, I suspect, if she knew what I intend to take from her one of these days. I suppose I ought to tell her."

"No, it would only mean an awful row, and I should be forbidden ever to see you again. She's set her heart on my marrying the Count, and I half thought I would once -but now-I hate him.

"No, we've got to wait until your invention makes you rich and famous, as I know it will. It's a wonderful invention and I am

awfully proud of you." Stanley laughed. "Much you know about it. I don't believe you understood a word I told you of it."

"I did. It's an electric something for-for for-. Anyway I think the model is beautiful, and I know it's wonderful, because you made it." "And while I am making this electric

something win me success and fortune I can't see anything of you. "A year or two without you! I don't

like to think of it. How do I know when at last I come for you that you may not have married the Count after all-or at any rate, forgotten me?"

"As if I could forget you, Gerald?" There was a pause in the talk here for some reason best known to the parties most interested, and it was some time before the conversation became anything more than

"Ah, I wish this night could last forever." said Stanley at last. "The sea and the music and the stars and you! And to think that in two days we will have to say good-by."

"And yet two days may be an awfully long time. It's only four since I met you, and yet I feel as if I had known you always. What fun we had those first two stormy "I wish the storm had lasted until we

reached New York. It would have kept the Count in his berth, anyway." "Mamma wouldn't thank you for that

wish. You forget how horribly sick she "I didn't mean that, of course-only

ever since your mother got out on deck again I've had mighty little chance of seeing you alone until to-night. "I ought not to have told you how I felt

to-night, I suppose ought to have waited until I was able to give you a home, but I couldn't take the chance of never seeing you again."

"Will you really care a year from now? said Miss Ethel; not that she doubted. but that she wanted to hear him say he would.

held up a warning hand. "Hush!" she cried. "Mamma!" and Stanley turned to see Mrs. Higgins and Count de Brissac coming toward them.

The concert over Mrs. Higgins was hunt ing for her daughter, severity in her eye. Where have you been, Ethel?" she oried. "The Count and I have been looking everywhere for you. I supposed you were right behind us, and instead I find you sitting. out here in this damp air.

"Most imprudent, I call it. I should have thought Mr .- er - Stanley - I am so forgetful of names-would have had more thought than to ask you." "We've only been here a few minutes,"

replied Ethel hurriedly. "I was just going to look for you. Mr. Stanley has been telling me all about his new invention. Simply fascinating! I was so interested. You must get Mr. Stanley to show it to you. she added to the Count.

"I shall be most happy," replied that gentleman politely. "I know nossing of mechanics, but I am interest. To-morrow I will view him, but now, Madame Higgins is waiting. Permit me.

Stanley watched the two until they disappeared, and cursed the luck that sent Mrs. Higgins and her infernal Count. Then suddenly a happy thought struck Stanley. He went down to his cabin, turned on the

incandescent lamp, and hauling out his trunk took from it a small model of complicated machinery. He put it on the edge of the basin, and, sitting on the edge of his berth, cogitated profoundly.

"It will do," he said at last. "With wire and a push button under the carpet I can make it click. And bluff-American bhiff will do the rest.

"After all there is some sense in being an inventor, and this old machine of mine, with a little gumption, will work out. yet. I built it to make a fortune, and nowwell, it's going to unmake one instead." So saying, Mr. Gerald Stanley, master inventor, turned out the light and turned

in himself. He was up very early the next morning, and paid a visit to the dynamo room of the steamer. Thence he returned with wire and rubber tape, and a dry battery.

Then he locked the door and for two hours or more those who cared might have heard the sound of hammering and the clink of metal coming from Mr. Stanley's

It was near noon before Stanley finished his operations. Then he sought the Count. "If you'd like to see the machine of mine at work," said he, "I'll be glad to show it to you. It will only take a few minutes.

and when it is in use all over the world it will be of interest to remember that you saw it being tested."

Once in the cabin Stanley closed the door "I don't want any one to know about it, he explained. "Of course I don't mind you,

but I have to be careful. "This is it," he added, as he took a cloth off the machine. "It's a wireless telegraph. "You've heard of Marconi?" The Count

The decks were filled with groups

rmidable knife.
There was an instant pause, a momentary

Stanley, with an heroic disregard of

is own safety, threw himself in the way

here was a momentary struggle, ther

with him, neither Ethel nor I would have been spared. It was heroic in you."

"Oh, he couldn't have done much damage, said Stanley lightly. "The knife

was a paper cutter, it seems."

"Ah! but you didn't know it. I am sure

we owe our lives to you. Don't we, Ethel? Poor child! She was so nervous after it was all over that she had hysterics in her

room—laughing and crying until I was really worried. She's all right now, though,

moisture in her eyes and a twitching of the corners of her mouth that showed that the attack was likely to return at any

"We've strapped him down and locked the door," said Stanley. "So there will be no more trouble. Of course I shall stay with him. Curiously enough, I am the only one who seems to quiet him."

the only one who seems to quiet him."

"And now what are we to do when we arrive to-morrow morning? Of course,

can have him sent to a hospital, but the

I can have him sent to a hospital, but the reporters.—I fairly dread the reporters."
"I'll attend to all that if you will let me. I'll have the Count sent back home. Get a nurse to take charge of him. And as for the reporters, don't you worry about them, fancy I've invention enough to put them off the track. I've done harder things then that " said Staplay with a public to the country of the track."

han that," said Stanley, with a smile, to

"I know you have," that young lady replied. "I think you are simply wonder-

It was Stanley who carried the Count his

dinner, it was Stanley who immolated him-self on the altar of friendship that night, and remained by the Count's bedside until

"I could not," replied the Count. "It was impossible. I had swallowed ze soap." Noon of the next day saw Stanley bidding

Ir. Higgins will want to thank you

onally for all your kindness.
"Ethel and I shall never forget it. And

"He's a bit quieter to-day," said Stanley

"very melancholy, though, and I'm afraid there's no hope of his recovery."

The maid came to the other door of the carriage here, and Mrs. Higgins leaned out. Stanley grabbed a small hand that happened to be conveniently near his own. "You'll not forget," he said, hurriedly. "Never; and you?"

And you'll come as soon as you can?

You know papa might be able to help you with your invention."

"Yes. I've got a proposition to make to your father. Do you think it will be

papa over. Your inventions are so won-derful!" murmured Miss Ethel as Mrs

A minute later the carriage drove off.

A minute later the carriage drove off.

"Now I must go back to the Count," said Stanley, as he picked up a rose which had somehow dropped from the carriage window. "I'll have to do something for the Count one of these days, after his services to me. I know. I'll send him an invitation

LOYAL TO THE LOST CAUSE.

Sample Teachings in Country Schools

the South Just After the War.

"In one of the border States such instruc

tions as these were given by the teacher,

orally, for there were no school books for

" 'Who was the first President?' If the

pupil answered 'George Washington,' the

teacher replied rather sadly: 'Yes; he was

the first President at the time you speak of,

but the first President of the South was

"Then he would ask: 'Who was the great-

est soldier in the world?' and he would

"When the class in geography was called and the question was asked: 'Name the

greatest cities in the country,' the class was instructed to say: 'New Orleans, Richmond and Charleston.' The longest river in the United States was given as the Lower Missignippi,' and the class was fixed to the Lower was the

Mississippi,' and the class was further in-structed that the capital of the country was

so the class was instructed, cotton, and the teacher that I knew always added that

sugar and New Orleans molasses came

in the old copy books for his pupils. All had some connection with some event in

"In all these instructions there was never

any reference to the North. No harsh words were spoken of Lincoln, or Grant,

or Sherman, or of any of the great events in which they participated. They were simply ignored. If at that time some one

"The teacher in those days set the texts

The greatest product of the country was.

quite a while after the war:

answer himself: 'Gen. Lee.'

added Stanley, as he

Higgins drew in her head.

to the wedding."

after the war.

Jefferson Davis.'

turned again to the pier.

"I shouldn't wonder. I think I can talk

The maid came to the other door of the

be sure to write me of the poor Count. shall be so worried until I know he is

t you, dear?" ss Ethel assented, but there was a

really worried.

noment.

e Count wrenched loose and ran on own the deck he sped like a hunted rabbit

hush, as the apparition came in sight Then the Count gave vent to a howl, and

stewards

nodded. "Well, this is as far ahead of Marconi's as his was of the ordinary telegraph. No waste, no towers with wires, nothing of that sort. Set the machine down anywhere, start the vibration synchronizers to work and there you are. Stanley touched a part of the machinery and something in its internals began to whirr softly. He looked at his watch.

"I'll get a message in a minute or two, he said. "A message! Where from zis message? "New York. Another machine there, and every day my assistant telegraphs

to test it; see that everything is working "He'll start up soon. Meanwhile I'll explain a bit. It's the vibrators that do

me the news of the day, you know. Just

the work. "They--er-synchronize, and the etheric vibrations are concentrated by these condensing radial accumulators, which are subjected to a differential alternating current of high potentiality, which in turn acts upon selenium pole pieces whose conductivity vary in inverse proportion to the square of the rate of vibrations of

the etheric waves.
"Of course, that's the main idea. Simple It is marvellous, but of it I comprehen

nossing," said the Count.
"I suppose it is hard for a beginner, observed Stanley graciously, "and afte all it is the result you are interested in." Stanley took a seat on his berth, leaving the small sofa to the Count, and rested a foot negligently on a small protuberance

th the carpet.
won't be long now," he said. There was quiet in the room for a little while, and the Count was just beginning to twist his mustache nervously, as if rather

bored, when the machine began to click.

"There he is," remarked Stanley. "It seems curious, don't it? He, there in New York, talking with us out here, a thousand miles away."

"It is of the most wonderful! It is ma-

gique! What is it that he says—your assistant?"

"He is just giving the call. I'll reply to Stanley moved to the machine and clicked

a lever up and down as if it were the key of a telegraph transmitter. Then he returned to his position on the bunk.

"Now we will get some news," he explained as the machine started to clicking

again violently. "Rain to-day, followed by clearing weather," he translated. "Always starts in with weather report, you know. 'Bi Mackinaw Building goes up in flames. Strike on Southern Pacific extending. Armistead breach of promise case decided. Verdict against defendant for five hundred thousand, or two years in penitentiary He promised to marry his laundress, and

didn't," explained Stanley.

"But your law, does it force him to such "No, but they made him pay half a million or go to jail. We are very strict with such cases in America. 'President has remon-strated against Russia's attitude in Man-

huria," continued Stanley.
"Ah, that doctrine of Monroe! Som day you will get into much great trouble wiz Europe over it. You will have to fight "I expect we will," returned Stanley

cheerfully, "and when we do—Hullo! What's this? Jove!"
"What is what?"

a late hour.

"There's only one thing I can't understand," he said, as he was leaving. "Why in thunder didn't you froth at the mouth as I told you to?" Stanley held up a warning hand.

"Silas B. Higgins of Chicago, drops all his fortune in wheat speculation. Totally ruined." Whew! He was one of the Napoleons of finance, you know. But I exceeded. good-by to Mrs. Higgins and her daughter at the door of their cabin while they waited for their maid, who had gone back to the ship for some forgotten article. pected it. He was too much extended."
"Silas B. Higgins!" cried the Count.
"Why zat is the father of mademoiselle, is it not? Ze millionaire of Chicago? and so you are coming to Chicago soon, said Mrs. Higgins. "Of course, I insist upon your staying with us when you do.

annot be. He is many times a million-"Ah, my dear friend, tell me, is it of certainty: "Sure thing," said Stanley. "I didn't know Miss Higgins was a daughter of old

Silas B., though. It's pretty hard on them. I don't wonder you feel for them."

"It is myself I feel for," replied the Count. "Conceive that I was to marry Miss Ethel She is very charming. I have admiration for her, but now-what would you? I can

"I am desolate at this misfortune that has come upon me. It is good luck zat I

"When I arrive in America I will be taken sick and return home "If you're engaged to Miss Higgins," said Stanley, shaking his head, "I'm afraid

you'll have to go through with it. At least you will if you land in America."

"It is not regularly what you call engaged. I have offered my hand, but she gate will be a company to the second but she will be a company to the will be a company to accept, but her mother says she will She is infatuated wiz me, but in time.

is not modest to show it."

"It's just the same you've contracted You know we are a business people. We look on marriage as a contract, and to break your contract—well, you see what happened to the man who wouldn't marry his laundress. Five hundred thousand or hard labor for two years."

"And zay will hold me to it?"

"Like wax; like glue. You are a Count is av and, of course, to marry a Count is an American' girl's chief ambition. I guess you'll have to give up. There's nothing "Ah, my dear friend, tell me how to escape You who have devised this so marvellou machine, devise some way. You American

are so ingenious."

"Humph! You might jump overboard.
I could throw you a life preserver, and some other ship might pick you up a day or two later. Or you could pretend to be dead I could come every night and feed you in your coffin with milk. Or you could pretend to be mad."

"Mad? I am mad. There's no pretend I am very much mad. I seek wealth and now I find there is no wealth. I have been made a fool," interrupted the Count vehemently.

I meant go insane, crazy, weak-minded It should be easy for you."
"Ah, a maniac. And then?"

"Why, of course, they won't want a crazy man for a husband. I don't think they would let you come on shore. I'll be your best friend and have you sent home." "And you conceive zat is best to escape your accursed laws?' It's the only way," said Stanley em-

phatically.

"Well—I agree," replied the Count mournfully. "I will do as you advise, but it is very hard. When shall I commence ze craziness?"

"Let's see! There's only a day more before we reach port.

before we reach port. To-morrow I guess.
No, to-night. Have a little fit at dinner,
make faces, see things, fight with the
waiters—anything.

"Then to-morrow you can be raving,
and have to be locked up. That's the
ticket

"Don't you worry. I'll see you through, said Stanley, as he and the Count wen

to luncheon That night at dinner Mrs. Higgins became red as any beet with mortification. The Count's mental disorder showed itself in fearful grimaces and portentous scowls. And he smiled at the empty air, now bab-bled vainly to himself, or burst into un-

reasonable laughter. At last he had to be removed from the room by two deck stewards, superintended by Stanley, who kindly volunteered his ervices.
"I can't tell you how obliged I am," said

Mrs. Higgins when he had returned to re-port. "I can't imagine what could have een the matter with the Count-unless he had been drinking. Never has he acted so

a Chinese wall along Mason and Dixon's line I think the people in some parts of the South would readily have given their time before."
"Oh, he'll be all right in the morning, and labor to the work free "Oh, he'll be all right in the morning."

"It is not strange, I repeat, that sectional feeling in some regions died out slowly."

drink. Some sort of fit more like. Don't DROWN'S SURE THING drink. Some sort of fit more like. Don't you worry. I'll see to him."

"It's so good of you. The Count has no friends on board, and without you I don't know what we would have done. I hope he'll he better to-morrow."

"I am sure he will," replied Stanley, as he took a deck chair by Miss Ethel's side.

Mr. Stanley's predictions were hardly verified the next day. It was afternoon before the Count again appeared in society. The decks were filled with groups of chat-HAND AT POKER.

Play on a Steamship That Aroused the Suspicions of a Conscientious Spectator.

the decks were filled with groups of chat-terers in the sun, and the promenades lively with walkers, when the Count burst from his cabin, like a butterfly from a cocoon. He was lightly clad in gorgeous pink pajamas and in his hand he flourished a Poker, like prize-fighting, has a tremendous fascination for very many conscientious persons who read about it and talk about it and know a lot about it but would no more play a game than they would go to see the biggest fight that was ever hippodromed. The stories told so Inen the Count gave vent to a new, and started down the deck, the crowd fleeing before him panic-stricken, overturning deck chairs, scattering books, trailing fancy work in its flight, boilting into state-rooms, dodging into saloons, tumbling down companionways, getting blocked in narrow passages. often in the newspapers about the grafters who travel on the big liners during the summer season, skinning a living out of unsuspicious men who play the game for the pure love of it, are especially familiar to these people. This is the story of how it worked on one of them.

ages. . Stanley was sitting with Mrs. Higgins and her daughter when their conversation was interrupted by the commotion on the other side of the boat. Then came a rush of people along the deck, a wild scramble into cabins, and then the Count scudding before a pursuing body of sailors and stewards. The steamer sailed from Liverpool about 5 c'clock in the afternoon. Half past 4 found the fat, good-natured young man from the middle West leaning over the rail watching the men on a coal barge throw in the last of the 2,000 tons the big ship was going to burn on the voyage. Some one strode down the deck and gave the fat man a thump betwee: the shoul-Stanley at his heels, until he was cornered exhausted at the foot of the foremast.

Five minutes later the Count, bound hand and foot, was carried to his cabin, and the decks began to fill again with

"Dave! old man," the thumper exclaimed, what the devil you doing here? Thought you were on the ranch!"

"Hello, Jim!" responded the other. "You over here too? Me? I just thought I'd see how much sea I could put in in two weeks from New York. Got here this morning, didn't like the place and concluded to go back."

and the decks began to fill again with people.

"And is it true what the doctor says, that it is a case of acute homicidal mania?" asked Mrs. Higgins of Stanley, when that gentleman, much flushed and disordered, presented himself to report.

"I'm afraid it is," he answered. "Great deal of insanity in old European families. He's raving now. Thinks he's a dog and tried to bite the quartermaster. I pulled the fellow back just in time."

"How horrible! I feel that I owe my life to you, Mr. Stanley. When I saw the Count coming toward me with that knife I was paralyzed with fear.

"I am certain that if you hadn't grappled with him, neither Ethel nor I would have Jim had him by the arm before the explanation was half through and was heading him toward the smoke room, explaining that it was surely an occasion which justified the explosion of a few bubbles. In the smoke room Jim found four other young men making similar demands on the steward.

"Here," he called out, "you fellows get into line here and meet the real thing This is Dave Brown, who owns more cattle in Wyoming or some other God-forgotten country than there are straws in a bale of hav."

Then he introduced the rest of the crowd -the son of a millionaire oil man from New York, the head of a theatrical syndicate from Philadelphia, another Philadelphia man, son of a millionaire whose name is known on both sides of the Atlantic, and a young lawyer from Cleveland who won't starve if he never gets a client.

"This," said Jim, when the "hows" were all said, "is the red necktie brigade and you are now formally initiated. Tom, fetch out the badge of membership." The lawyer pulled out of his pocket a staring red necktie with bright vellow

spots and Jim began to fasten it around he throat of the cattle man. "This means," he explained, "that you are a member in good standing of the brigade. You observe that all the rest of us are wearing the badge. The business of the brigade is to play poker every minute of the voyage home that we can keep awake.

It is to be the biggest game ever played on a transatlantic steamer. Chips are fives, tens and hundreds, with markers for He came close close to the cattle man and dropped his voice.

"That's for public consumption," he added. "We settle up the morning we get into New York on the ten-cent limit

"I'm in," responded Dave, heartily.
"What's the limit of membership for the brigade?" "Six, and they're all in with you," chor-ed the others. "Game begins right used the others. "Game begins right now! Every member stays in through-out every session, and sessions last all day

except during meal hours. It was going down the Irish coast from Daunt's Rock to Fastnet that the superheated conscience found its chance to The session began as soon as the screws began to churn after the last of the mail was aboard. The six brigadiers just filled

one of the round tables in the smoking but there was comfortable room left for onlookers, and the man with the extra developed conscience found a place behind the cattle man, whose hands he scrutinized over the player's shoulder as if his own money were at stake.

It was a good, liberal game, with a lot of tilting back and forth and considerable

side comment on the part of the players as to what they intended to do to one another before the voyage was ended. Brown won steadily, and the piles of chips in front of him grew constantly in size and shaded always to blues.

The amounts staked on indifferent hands

fairly took the breath away from the superheated conscience as its owner watched the cattleman's play. Before long word went around the ship that a very fast game was going on in the smoking room and there were comments not concealed with entire success as to the shame it was to see such young men playing for such sums. The brigadiers winked occasionally at one

another and set to it all the harder.

There began to be side talk among some of them as to the regularity of Brown's winnings. It was a little suspicious, they thought, that luck should set so persis-tently toward him, and then followed naturally the covert threats of combining

o beat him. "Let's rock old Dave," one would say as he raised the pot. "Tilt him again," would be the response from the other side of the table, as it was raised again after Brown had come in. Then Brown would win and remark that

"The country school teacher in the South at the close of the civil war was still loval he way of the transgressor was certainly to the Lost Cause," said a professor in one hard. of the leading universities of the South So it had gone until Fastnet was nearly who was a guest in this city a few nights ago.

abeam. Then the great hand uncovered It is little wonder that the sectional lines disappeared so slowly when one remem-It was a jackpot that had gone around bers some of the instructions given in the backwoods schoolhouses the first year

unopened for three or four deals, and was highly sweetened. Finally the theatrical man, who was sitting third from Brown on the right, opened with a bunch of blue hips, that represented in the large language of the game, a hundred dollars each instead of the ten-cent pieces of settlement day. The Philadelphia merchant, who vas next, came in with a whoop and then Tom, the Cleveland lawyer, followed Brown looked at his hand and seemed o study the chances. He had a pair of

jacks, an ace and two spot cards The superheated conscience behind him breathed very hard, nearly bursting with desire to warn the cattleman not to go in But his telepathy was faulty, and Brown didn't know of the hunch, so he followed his luck and chipped along. Then Jim, who sat on his left, hoisted it another bunch of blues with the cheerful remark that he thought it was time to give Dave the bene-

it of a little cradling.

The oil man hustled in and it was up to the opener again. He raised back, be-cause, he said, he wanted to see Brown rocked well enough so that he would sleep quietly after it was over.

The conscience was working overtime when it came to Brown again, and now it

got a terrible shock, for Brown took a hand at the raising, remarking that that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world. They all stayed, but Brown's raise seemed to have given them plenty. On the draw Brown held only his jacks. He noticed that the opener took two cards and the others three each. There was There was and the others three each. There was no one-card draw and so, he thought, the chance of meeting a straight or a flush or a straight flush was very small.

Then he picked up his own cards and found that he had drawn the other two jacks and a king. That made four aces and four kings that he had accounted for, and with no straight much received.

and with no straight flush possible to go against he figured that the pot was his, chance that there would be four queens out was too small to be reckoned

The betting began with a good, stiff bunch

of blues from the opener The Philadelphia merchant had failed to help his hand on the draw and quit with an audible regret that he was not to be in at the skinning of

Brown.

Tom took a shy at it, but there was a slight hesitancy about his way of shoving up his chips that indicated either a very deep guile or a slender hand. Brown took a good-sized chance. He suspected that the desire to hit him would lead some one to raise, and so he merely chipped in to get the others along as far as he could before he went out after them, on the principle that the longer they stayed in the further they would go when he set sail. further they would go when he set sail.

Jim, however, merely saw the bets, and
Brown thought his chance was gone, when

brown thought mis change a whoop and the oil man came is with a whoop and boosted the pile a hard one. "One more for poor old Dave!" he said, as he shoved up the chips. "Still another," said the theatrical man,

"Still another," said the theatrea and piled up another raise.

The onlookers were beginning to buzz at the size of the pot, and the superheated conscience behind Brown was very near the melting point. A few degrees more and it would begin to go off in thin vapor.

These values were too many for Tom These raises were too many for Tom and he threw down his hand, declaring disgustedly that it certainly was a sha gustedly that it certainly was a sname the way some men from the West could handle the cards, even when they did not deal. Brown saw that his chance had come and he gave it a whack that made the others sit up and ask themselves how many cards he had drawn. Also they asked him, but he only smiled and looked wise, and the extra-developed conscience behind him ouldn't help nudging him not to tell. Jim chipped in again, and then it was

the oil man's turn once more. fine stack of blues in front of him, and now he pushed them slowly across the table and began knocking the top off into the pot. The theatrical man did the same thing with his blues, and Brown followed

"It seems to be a question of who has the tallest pile," he said, "and I'll bet that I have

"I guess you have." replied the oil man,
"and if that is your deliberate intention,
I'll just save the rest of these, for I may
want to play a little after dinner."
But the theatrical man held on. First he pushed in a few blues, and then Brown And so back and forth it went until the tall stack of the manager was almost gone. He counted the chips of Brown's last raise and saw that they were exactly as many

as he had left.

"Gunning for my pile, are you, Dave?" he asked, with a grin. "Well, here's where you get a chance to take it." And he shoved up the last of his chips. "I call you," he The superheated conscience was fidgeting

about in its chair behind Brown very near the point of volatilization. With a super-human effort it managed to keep from openly addressing the cattleman, but it ust simply had to turn to one of the other nlookers and wag its wise head.
"He's got 'en, sure," it said. "My! but

that's a corker."
"I thought I just about had this one," remarked Brown, as he spread out his cards on the table. Then wicked fate prompted him to make the explanation of his draw that always cheers the heart of the winner and fills the loser with three-ply, four times normal

the loser with three-ply, four times normal quadruple expansion rage.

"Caught two of those jacks on the draw," he added with the cocksureness of the surething imbecile. "Threw away an ace and got that king. That settled four kings and four aces, and I just about guessed there wouldn't be any four queens out against it."

All this time the opener wasn't saying a word. He was just looking at Brown with a dreamy sort of smile and paying out the rope for the hanging. But now as Brown reached for the pile of chips with the remark that he was sorry he hadn' thought to bring along a scoop shovel, the theatrical man laid down his hand

and said softly.

"Wait a minute. Perhaps you would like to look at these ladies."

like to look at these ladies."

He had four queens.
"I opened on three, you see," he went on cheerfully, while Brown just stared and stared and then stared some more, "and I drew two cards and caught the fourth."

He began to pile up the blue chips one by one, and Brown turned to call the steward "It's time to turn on some bubbles," said the cattleman, "and it's my turn to

hold the nozzle." But the superheated conscience was That was too much. He having a fit. That was too much. He leaned forward and gave Brown a nudge in the ribe.

hianar that penetrated to the far corner of the room, "If I'd been playing that hand I'd have laid it down right straight. That's too thin, that sort of thing. They're just lying for you. You better get out now while you have a chance. I know about these card sharpers that travel on these big steamers just to fleece the passengers. big steamers just to fleece the passengers You never have the ghost of a show with

Brown had been regarding him with mildly contemplative eyes, and listening solemnly to all he said. Now he thought was his turn to play, and he patted the

extra developed conscience on the arm and said hopefully:
"Would you mind falling off the rail and drowning yourself? There's a lot and drowning yourself? There's of water out there and it won't take The conscience spluttered with indig-nation. It was a scandal and an outrage and a shame, and he for one would do his and a sname, and he for one would do his plain duty and report it to the captain of the ship. That sort of thing had got to be stopped. It was gambling and noth-ing less, and he went off to try to make

Then Brown turned to the other briga diers and remarked:
"That's the first one. Now, cheaters, whose deal is it? I want my chips back."

# ELECTRICAL GAMBLING.

The Latest Application of Modern Science to the Game of Keno.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Gambling by electricity is the latest fad the West," said a tourist who recently eturned from a Western trip. "In this pro gressive age I am not easily surprised, but when I came upon this latest application of that silent and invisible force to a game of hance I had to pinch myself to see if I was awake. But, coming down to rock-bottom facts, it is not at all surprising that electricity should be used in conducting a game of chance found, after a little reflection, that my surprise was that it had not become a common hing instead of presenting the aspect of something extraordinary.

"In this day, indeed, electricity is for everything from curing dyspensia to propelling an airship or a submarine boat and the time is not far distant, perhaps, when electric bank cashiers or baseball umpires will be sold at moderate cost or found at a bargain in second-hand stores. ago I visited San Antonio, the metropolis Texas, where the inclinations of the people are paramount to law and the ordinary The people of that town enjoy more libert than any people I have ever encountered. A catholicity of sentiment pervades every sphere, and what would be an unusual thing in other cities does not even excite comment except from strangers. "I walked into a big gambling house, and

was almost speechless for a moment on seeing a number of women seated at a keno table But I was soon told that it was a very common thing. It was in this place that the game of keno is played by electricity. Two and 300 people can play at the same time by means of the apparatus. The players are seated at two long tables on either side. At the end of the hall is a large rack which s connected by electric wires with a buttonboard or keyboard. As the dealer turns the cards, the operator touches this or that button or key, and a number falls in the rack corresponding to each key or button pressed and to the cards, as they are turned from the deck. The numbers are clearly visible to each player at the two long tables. visible to each player at the two long tables. The advantage afforded is that any number of people can play at the game at the same time. I am told that the system has proven highly satisfactory. When the Anna Held company was in San Antonio the girls almost broke the bank playing keno. It is a question in my mind now as to how far a reach it is to playing poker or shooting craps by electricity."

ROOSEVELT IN HIS YOUTH. Capt. Velsor Tells How He Went Up the

Sound as He Said He Would OYSTER BAY, L. I., Aug. 8 .- Capt. Daniel Velsor, owner of the oyster boat Sally in Our Alley, was sitting on the pier at the end of South street here the other afternoon smoothing his whiskers with the nnate satisfaction that a grizzled growth of more than three score years affords This is the yarn he spun as he smoothed them:

"One spring mornin' nigh' on to thirtyfive years ago Sally's nose was hard on the beach and I was sittin' in her openin scollops, when I see a lad in a blue swimmin' suit with the arms cut off at the shoulders comin' up on the Sally's port in a canoe. The waves was smackin' ag'in the little craft in lively shape an' the spray was a-flyin' over the boy by the pailful.

"'Hey, mister,' says he t' me,' an' the brine was a-drippin' off his nose an' chin, will ye please give me a lift with my canoe over the Neck? I want t' go up round the island on the Sound side,' says he.

'Young man,' says I t' him, 'ye don't pear t' know jest 'xactly what you're talkin' about, do ve? That sea out there,' savs I. would swamp that little bark o' yourn in ess time than it took Capt. Kidd t' pull a gun. And besides,' says I t' him, 'if your canoe could stand the racket, by gosh, ye ain't got the stuff in ye t' pull ag'in that sea anyway.

'Say, mister,' says he t' me, sort o' pert like, as he sent his boat up close t' the Sally's side, 'I'd have ye know I come down here t' go up on the Sound an' I'm goin', says

he, 'sea or no sea.'

"Well,' says I, 'anyway I ain't goin' to lend a hand t' the drownin' of ye, an' if ye git that bit of a boat over the Neck to-day,' says I, 'I guess you'll git it over all by yourself.'

by yourself.'
"Then I sat myself t' openin' scollops ag'in, but keepin' a weather eye on the boy jest the same.
"For he was a likely-lookin' sort o' lad, not what you'd call strappin', but tightly put together all the same, for a boy jest bout turnin' fourteen year. I watched him, I'm tellin' ye, while I shelled scollops an', sure as shucks, he run his cance up a-beach alongside the Sally's bow an' jumped out.

"Even then, though, I'll be shipwrecked seven times in quick succession if I thought he'd try all by hisself t' get the boat over the rough 200-yard stretch between the an' the Sound. He was barefooted, he dug his feet into the gravel like a nailer and begun t' drag the shell along. He raked her over the stones a foot or two at a time when he set to an' give her a jerk after tuggin' and pullin' steady for while.

"He'd got 'bout half way 'cross the piece when I see it was a-comin' harder an' harder for him. But I knowed that he'd never ive up now that he'd gone so far.
"So I says, says I t' myself, 'What's the use o' tryin' t' stop him. Ye can't do it. He goin' t' go over sure an' if I give him a boost,' says I t' myself, 'he'll be a durn sight more fitter t' stand the sea than if he's tuckered hisself all out jerkin' that

there boat over."
"Understand now," the captain added judiciously, by the way of parenthesis, "that I didn't mind givin' him alift. B'gosh I'm proud t' say I never refused t' help a man in trouble yet. What I was shy a man in trouble yet. What I was shy about was doin' something that would put the boy in danger, an' when I made up my mind t' help him a bit I did it 'cause I thought it was for his own good."

The captain caught his breath, puffed and programs are and cautinude.

some more and continued:

"Hold on there, says I t' him, as I dropped my scollop knife an' riz right up from my seat.

4 'Oh, don't bother yourself about me,

mister,' says he t' me.

"Yes, by thunder, I will, boy,' says
I, and piled out t', where he was strainin'
with the boat. Then I gev him a lift an'
he thanked me.

"Once more, my boy,' says I when we'd

t', the Sound shore; ''sky a gailou's got t' the Sound shore; 'take a sailor's advice an' don't start out in that there craft till things has cleared a bit.

"Thank ye, sir,' says he t' me, an' he throwed his shoulders 'way back, 'but I

come down here t' go up the Sound an' up the Sound I'm goin'.'

Capt. Velsor gave his listeners time to think it all over, then went on:
"Well, that there boy did go up the Sound, an' my heart was 'way up for a-watchin' o' him. He tried twice t' git the cance off shore, an' both times he

was spilled out an' hisself an' the canoe driven ashore.
"On the third try he got off clean. little craft went out o' sight every time the waves dipped an' the cape broke over her in thunderin' big splashes. But the lad pulled a right strong oar an' kept her head on like a tar.
"I follered him along the shore till I see

Then, thinking o' the kid's sand an' grit I goes back t' the Sally an' opens scollops.

"Now," said Capt. Daniel Velsor chestily, with a gesture that swept the horizon from West Bay to Sagamore Hill, "w-h-o d-o y-o-u t-h-i-n-k t-h-a-t y-o-u-n-g m-a-n

Then before anybody had a chance to guess, he perorated:
"That was Theodore Roosevelt, now
President of the United States, the man
who'll get Capt. Daniel Velsor's vote as ong as the captain's oysters grow in Oyster

#### PHYSIQUE OF ENGLISHMEN. Government Is Going to Find Out What Changes Are Occurring.

From the London Spectator The inquiry which the Government is about to address to the chiefs of the medical profession as to the physique of the English people is not only justifiable, but most wise. I'wo immense changes are passing over our population, and it is necessary to ascertain in a definite and, for the time, final way what the effect of those changes upon the health of the population really is.

The people are rapidly quitting the country for the towns. It is not merely that the great cities are growing till-to take only one instance it is becoming a serious difficulty to supply them with good water, but the minor towns are growing till in other countries they would be accounted cities. "Whereas," said the Earl of Meath, in the Lords debate of Monday, in 1851 the urban population of England and Wales was 8,390,000, out of a total population of 17,327,000, or 50 per cent. in 1891 it was 25,000,000 out of a total population of 32,000,000, or 77 per cent." That is an enormous change in the condition of British life, and it involves by a sort of necessity other changes, the full effect of which it is needful for a wise community to know. Then there is a second change which has passed over the people, and which, for good or evil, must, one would think, affect the national health. We have ordered every boy and girl during nine years of the growing time to go to school, that is, to sit quiet for hours, to bend over desks and to use their minds instead of their hands and feet. That the effect inpon the intelligence of the new generation is, on the whole, nost beneficial we should be the last to deny; indeed, we only wish that the period of education could be lengthened by two years, but do minor towns are growing till in other countries hetal we should be the last to deny indeed, we only wish that the period of education could be lengthened by two years; but do we know anything with certainty of its effect upon health?

Many observers declare that it is not at all

Many observers declare that it is not at all good: that ever when the schools are perfectly ventilated the confinement is too great and is in part the cause of the neurotic tendency, the craving for momentary excitement, which, they say, marks the younger generation of the towns.

We certainly do not notice that effect or that tendency among the children of the well-to-do: but then they leave home a little later, they are perfectly fed, and they obtain when out of doors the equivalent of a sound gymnastic training. At least, they

tain when out of doors the editional of a sound gymnastic training. At least, they are as healthy little animals as could well be wished for, with moreover, none of the cares which at that period begin to press upon those who have to earn their living.

The effect of sitting for six hours, the effect The effect of sixting for six hours, the effect of years of reading upon a race whose fore-fathers could not read, and the effect of mental development upon the ill-fed are all effects with a material and direct bearing upon health, and have been far too carelessly studied. We do not feel at all sure that they are wholly beneficial, and trust that they will be most carefully examined, for if the decision is that they are partly injurious the remedy is in our own hands. It is only at this period of their lives that we have full control of the masses of children, and it should be utilized to the utmost to promote the welfare of their bodies as well as mote the welfare of their bodies as well as of their minds.

# MILLIONS OF LEO'S PICTURES

QUICK WORK DONE BY TWO (O). CERNS IN NEWARK.

Sixteen Million Buttons Bearing the Late Pope's Face Turned Out-How Twenty.

five Thousand Photographs Were Made in Less Than Thirty Days by One Firm Pictures of the late Pope Leo XIII are now scattered throughout the civilized world in unnumbered millions. A fau

share of them started on their journeyings from Newark One firm turned out no less than 16,000,000 buttons bearing the face of Leo XIII with a narrow mourning band around it They were bought up by the dealers in lots varying from a thousand to a million and more, and were shipped with all possible

haste in every direction. Work on these buttons was begun at least a month before the Pope died. Bar rels of them were ready for shipment before he had breathed his last and were even on their way to the delivery points.

Another concern, which in ordinary times devotes itself to making nickel and pennyin-the-slot photographs and has a large plant, threw all this business aside when the Pope's last illness drew to a critical stage, and worked upon nothing but pictures of Leo XIII. It made, in less than thirty days, 25,000 pictures.

All these photographs started from one oil painting. Every means that could be thought of was used to facilitate the various stages of the photographic process and the oncern believes that, for the equipment, came near making a record.

Once the camera was focused on the oil painting it was easy to make as many negaives as were wanted. It consumed not more than five minutes to get the proper focus. Four by five inch negatives were taken. A second and a half exposure was made

and as fast as a plate was exposed the plate holder was pulled out by the photographer and handed to an assistant, who, with the other hand, gave him a fresh plate holder. A hundred negatives were made in this way in less than four hours. The drying of the plates consumed five or six hours, but at the end of the first day the hundred negatives were ready for the toning. On the second day the plates

with the plates to see that the films were not damaged. No printing was done until the hundred plates were ready. Then two expert photographic printers were put on the work.

They had a great pile of plate holders

were toned in batches of twenty-five at a

time, in very large trays. It was ticklish

work, and as it happened to be very hot

just then the greatest care had to be taken

and after loading 100 they placed them in two great rows on a slanting bench in the sun. Each man handled fifty and had a helper at his elbow. Of course, the time of exposure varied with the intensity of the light, the position of the sun, &c., but on the average a hundred prints were made in six or seven minutes. The printer stood at one end of his row of

printing frames and continually examined two or three of the frames nearest him to see how the printing was going on. When one was printed sufficiently he descended on the long row of frames with a rush, snapping them open with a purring clatter, and throwing out the prints, which were gathered up rapidly by the helper. Once he finished emptying the frames they were promptly loaded again by othe assistants, while the prints already made

were put in a box and taken out of the daylight. On the first day of printing no toning was done. At the end of that day about a thousand prints were made. On the next day the toning began and after that the oners were kept busy by the printers, who

had a day's start. Two or three hundred prints were toned at once. There was a great diversity in the prints as toned, of course, for with so large a number in a tray at once it was not possible to give each print much attention A few baths of water over the whole mass had to suffice. As a consequence some were very light and others were dark As fast as they were dried and mounted

they were packed and shipped. The shop was an odd sight after about two weeks of this work. There were damaged pictures of the Pope everywhere, strewn like snowflakes in the dark room and all around.

The Pope was still alive at that time. but as the daily despatches showed he could not recover, and that the end was drawing very near, the photographers redoubled their efforts to finish the contract. Besides, the dealers were clamoring fo their pictures.

A dull day threw the establishment into deep gloom, for sunlight is cheap, and if electric printing had been resorted to the pictures would have cost more than could be realized on them, as the contracts were made at a very low figure, the manufacturers contenting themselves with a very small margin of profit on each picture. The pictures were mounted on cardboard, and were certainly surprisingly good, considering the great haste in which they were

Oddly enough there are very few of these pictures or of the buttons to be seen in and around Newark; they have been hustled off to distant points.

SECRETARY SHAW'S SURPRISE. An Apparition With a Revolver Answers an Unconscious Summons. From the Cleveland Leader.

One day last week when Secretary Share was dictating a letter to the Charles McCau Company of Philadelphia, which was complaining because the contract for the construction of the new Federal building in Cleveland had been awarded to a rival bidder. the door leading into his office sudden wing open, and there stood a man with a state colitis revolver in his hand. The weapon was about a footlong, and was loaded with cartridges the size of a man's thumb. The man's finger was on the trigger, and he seemed ready for business. A friend of the seemed to him that there soon would be "something doing." Something doing."
But there was no shooting. The Secretary

iooked curiously at the intruder, and the next instant the latter was apologizing.
"Did you ring?" he asked.
"No," replied the Secretary.
"The signal went off downstairs, and I thought you range. From a signal was a signal.

"No," replied the Secretary.

"The signal went off downstairs, and I thought you rang. Excuse me, sir?"

"All right," said Mr. Shaw, and the man with the gun retired. He was a member of the Treasury watch. Accidentally the alarm connecting the captain's room and the Secretary's desk was sounded, and he had hastened upstairs to defend Mr. Shaw against a possible assailant.

There is a pearl button at the end of an electric wire at the Secretary's elbow, and if he needs assistance against assault, a slight pressure will bring the Treasury guard to his aid. This contrivance was installed three years ago, after Frank H. Morris of Cleveland, the War Department Auditor, was assassinated in his office by a disgruntled clerk. Lyman J. Gage was then the head of the Treasury and Frank A. Vanderlip was an Assistant Secretary. Threats were uttered against both of them and they immediately prepared for any contingency. Each was given a big revolver which reposed on a little shelf upon the lid of his desk, and then the desks were connected by electric wire with the office of the captain of the guard. But no one ever offered to molest either official, and their successors likewise have been free them.